

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

The Colonnade

HAPPY
NEW YEAR

December 9, 1952

Georgia State College for Women

VOL. 30, NO. 5



Margaret Meaders Presents Discourse On The World, The West, And Men

Miss Margaret Meaders, who had been associated with Georgia State College for Women since 1933 and was professor of Journalism and English from 1948 until last year, returned to the University of Colorado in the city of Denver, after a six day visit in Milledgeville. Monday during chapel period, she addressed the student body and faculty. In her usual witty manner, she spoke on the West, the world, men and life in general. Following the speech the large audience spontaneously rose in a tremendous ovation, expressing their love and appreciation to one who has done much for the college.

Local calendars were crowded with social events given in honor of Miss Meaders return. During her stay on campus, she was the guest of Dean Mary Thomas Maxwell and Dean Emeritus Ethel Adams.

Extra Christmas Days Given Student Body

Christmas holidays will officially begin Dec. 19 at 1:00 p.m. and classes will resume Jan. 4. In order that the students may have an extra week-end at home, Student Council and the Faculty-student Committee voted to hold Saturday classes Jan. 10th.

Sophomore Honorary Society Receives 1952-53 Members

Phi Sigma, under the sponsorship of Dr. Sarah Nelson, has received new members for 1952-53. They are: Ann Bowen, Jeanne

Brannon, Helen Harold, Carolyn Martin, Frances Purvis, Sarah Ann Staples, Dorothy Williams, June Delores Williams, and Joan Williams.

Phi Sigma is an honor society for Sophomores who have a B average or who have made the Dean's list twice in their Freshman year.

The formal initiation was a candlelight service held Nov. 25, at 6:30 in Beeson Rec. Hall. Officers were elected at this meeting. They are: Dorothy Williams, president, Carolyn Martin, vice-president, June Williams, treasurer, and Ann Bowen, mistress of ceremonies.

Post Office Open Wednesday P. M. During December

The Milledgeville Post Office will dispense with the customary Wednesday afternoon closing throughout the month of December in order to facilitate Christmas mailing.

Postmaster Benjamin E. Harrison said the window service at the post office will be continued on Wednesday afternoons on regular schedule.

"Messiah" Presented Sunday, December 7 In Russell Auditorium

By MAX NOAH

One hundred eighty six years ago one of the greatest musicians of all time arrived in the city of Dublin with the manuscript of a sacred oratorio in his pocket and the scorn of an England that had once acclaimed him crushing his heart. Assisted by two women soloists and a small choir, George Frederick Handel sat at a little organ in Neal's Music Hall in Dublin to conduct for the first time his famous masterpiece "The Messiah."

For two centuries this great oratorio has thrilled and uplifted millions of people. It has become inseparably associated with the Christmas season. It has expressed the spirit of resurrection from a material world, the essence of brotherly love and Christian charity. Mr. Flower writes, "Considering the immensity of the work and the short time involved (only 24 days) it will remain perhaps forever the greatest feat in the history of musical composition."

"The Messiah" has become a tradition at GSCW, during the Christmas season. The College A Cappella Choir, assisted by members of the community, rendered eight choruses and eleven arias from the great oratorio for the seventeenth time since 1935. A choir of 150 voices under the direction of Max Noah will appear in Russell Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. Soloists were Mrs. Max Noah, contralto; Leonard Norman, tenor; and Haskell Boyter, bass. Maggie Jenkins was at the organ and Mrs. W. H. Allen, the piano.

Modern Poet Confuses Crowd, Skips Three, Then Quits

On December 2, in Russell Auditorium, Mr. W. H. Auden, outstanding poet, speaker, and individualist honored his audience with a stimulating lecture entitled "The Hero in Modern Poetry."



W. H. AUDEN

After his lecture many people left the auditorium in rapt contemplation of the numerous gems of philosophy which had been so forcefully flung before them, while most of us tucked away for future reference the few things which we could comprehend and appreciated the compliment Auden had paid us by assuming we had the intellect and background to understand his message.

Mr. Auden first gave his definition of the hero in poetry, stating that in iconic poetry the authentic person, or hero, is celebrated and the unauthentic condemned or ignored, and that in works wherein the poet speaks in the first person, the hero is the poet's conception of his role. He then gave examples of the changing concept of the hero in literature, drawing his examples from the Iliad of the Homeric period; Chaucer's Troilus of the medieval period; Shakespeare's heroes of the Elizabethan period; and, of the Romantic period, the poet, who must become his own hero since that is the only consciousness available to him. Auden pointed out that the enormous change of pace since 1870 has precipitated an essential break with the past, and that we are now in the midst of a revolutionary period.

Of the modern poets, Auden discussed Yeats, Frost, Eliot, and Lawrence, giving in each case his conception of the man behind the voice which speaks in their poems. After reading Yeats' "The Circus Animal's Desertion," he painted the picture of an elderly, distinguished man talking to a dozen friends around a dinner table — talking about the past and about the problems of being a success, and discussing approvingly the fool and the madman who refuse to conform to the kind of society of which he disapproves. This man lives in a large, roomy house and has a very well-kept garden, the latter illustrating Yeats' conception of nature as being a force which must be disciplined. Auden observed that Yeats spent the first part of his life being a minor poet and the latter part being a major poet, telling about the minor poet and his striving toward success.

Auden then read "The Most of It," by Frost, observing that the voice here is some one speaking to a neighbor. His house and garden are smaller; the garden is wilder and produces mostly vegetables. To him nature is something apart from man—something by which man's virtue is tested — something too tough for any kind of defiance. Outside the small circle of com-

Continued on back page

Thirteen Students To Graduate Fall Term

Thirteen students are completing their academic programs this quarter, according to an announcement by Dr. T. E. Smith, registrar. They are: Mary Elizabeth Adams, Milledgeville; Tommie Ann Bryan, Waycross; Joan Beverly Burns, Decatur; Mary Carolyn King, Hardwick; Peggiann King, Wrens; Lucile Jane McKinney, Hawkinsville; Frances Parkes Thompson, Millen; Jean Whaley Williams, Shellman; Remelle Southwell Young, Macon; Joel Whitfield, Toccoa; Mary Elizabeth Yarbrough, Edison; and Louise Wingate Baston, Evans.

Margaret Davis Cate Gives Chapel Address

Mrs. Margaret Davis Cate, an alumnae of GSCW and a Georgia historian, addressed students and faculty on Nov. 25. The audience was also introduced to another famous alumnae at this assembly program; Miss Janie Macon, who, upon retiring recently from the Brunswick schools, was given a check by her former students to finance a tour of the British Isles. While in Milledgeville, Miss Macon was guest of Mrs. Edwin Allen, who was once a student of Miss Macon's.

Seniors Sponsor 'White Christmas' To Provide Gifts For Underprivileged

"Cathedral candles—a white altar—soft lights casting a glow on a cross—an organ playing softly—girls in white bearing gifts—

It is the traditional White Christmas, the Seniors' chapel program that makes each G.S.C.W. girl aware of the real meaning of Christmas." Each senior class presents their own special program but behind the different presentations is always the thought, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The gifts that are brought to the altar are white-wrapped packages of food and clothing and are accepted by church representatives who distribute them to needy.

This year the Senior Class is carrying on the annual tradition under the direction of Carolyn Webb and will present their gifts in Chapel on Friday, Mon. 15.

Dr. Smith Releases Exam Schedule

Fall Quarter 1952

Dec. 17 — 8:30—10:30, First period classes; Sixth period classes.

11:00—1:00—English 101, Education 295, Chemistry 101.

2:00—4:00—Soc. Sci. 103, Conflicts.

Dec. 10 — 8:30—10:30—Biology 100, Health 100.

11:00 — 1:00 — Second period classes.

2:00 — 4:00 — Third period classes.

Dec. 19 — 8:30 — 10:30 — Fourth period classes.

11:00 — 1:00 — Fifth period classes.

Registration winter quarter, Tuesday, December 16, 2:00 — 4:00 same registration places as fall quarter.

The COLONNADE

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What Will Your Answer Be?

If, in the near future, you are asked to give up your room and bunk with someone else for the week-end of January 9-11, I certainly hope your answer will be "yes."

You see, that week-end is slated for the G.A.F.C. W. (Georgia Athletic Federation of College Women) Conference—an annual conference for which G.S.C. W.'s Recreation Association is to be hostess.

I know the general reaction on campus to the word "conference", but this is the first time in four years that Rec has sponsored a conference of any type. And actually, the conference is for the entire student body, for everyone is automatically a member of Rec.

Through these conferences, Rec Board gains new ideas by which we may offer recreation for your pleasure and provide for you the activities which we think you will enjoy.

The delegates are looking forward to coming to G. S. C. W. because they have heard so much about our campus life from Jessies who have gone to past conferences.

We would like to make the 1953 conference a very big success and the best ever had. We may not be able to use a silver service and serve steak and shrimp as Wesleyan did last year, but we can be hospitable and show them what G. S. C. W. has without putting on any airs.

In order to make this conference the success the delegates feel sure it will be, we need your help and cooperation. They are not interested in the buildings or general campus lay-out, they are interested in you—for you are G. S. C. W., the school we are proud to call ours.

Miriam Field,
President of Rec.

It's Christmas

It's an angel atop a lighted tree, "Silent Night", "Joy to the World", "The Hallelujah Chorus", "Jingle Bells". It's snow scenes painted on a card... mistle- toe hanging in the hall. It's "Twos the night before Christmas, and all through the house..." and "... ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger".

It's the hell of the solitary... drunks, prisoners, potential suicides, and men on the battlefields measure the importance of its presence by the force of its absence.

But to nice average people leading nice average lives it comes easily and pleasantly as a moment of heightened activity, excitement, flurry, and celebration. It means silver and green and red and gold... plum pudding and turkey and egg-nog. It's snow and ice to some... sun and sand to others.

It's that which must not be denied... that which must be safely guarded... "Peace on earth, good will toward men"... "God and sinners reconciled."

It's childish breathless wonder at the sight of tricycles and footballs and overflowing stockings... It's flames leaping toward a Yule log... families together again and the babble of human voices.

It's remembrance and actual and abstract and concrete.

It's the hypocrite, giving much, giving nought... the shaking of the skeptic's cornerstone of faithlessness... the tempting commercialism.

It's pagan... it's Christian... but above all, it's Christmas, and it carries with it a law and a commandment that must be obeyed, and that commandment is—Rejoice.

Caroline Griffith.

Grades, Grades, Grades

"Grades! Grades! GRADES!" murmured an English visitor in apparent disgust. "Don't you American students think of anything but grades?"

American College students are beginning to ask themselves the same question.

The reason for this unwarranted interest in grades is the fact that the present grading system, which assigns a letter mark (A, B, C, D, or F), has in many cases more attention from the student than have the studies which he has undertaken. Most educators would agree that this unfortunate situation would disappear and that college teaching would be pleasant and much more effective without any grading system whatever, but we realize that universities would soon be converted into tidy winter resorts without the strong disciplinary power of a grading system. Convinced, therefore, that grading is a necessary evil, we should do our best to detract attention from it.

We need a grading system under which a student simply passes or fails. The introduction of this system will bring two major improvements: (1) Emphasis will immediately be taken off grades. (2) The passing average could be lifted to our present requirement for a grade of C, making it impossible for a student to loaf through college on a Pass or Fail basis. This would be the refining influence.

"But", cries the conservative, "what about the incentive for better work that the present system offers? What will happen to our scholarships?" The answer is, of course, that our attitude toward scholarship and gradually scholarship itself would be greatly improved.

Educators realize that this is no novel or revolutionary grading system. European schools, all progressive American Medical schools, including the Medical School at Tulane, and a number of undergraduate schools use this pass-fail system with satisfactory results. All American undergraduate colleges could adopt this method within a year's time.

The change should not be expected to come of a single year, but our children should not be troubled with a grading system which over-emphasizes grades—such as the one we have now. The widely used pass or fail grading system will supply the needed improvement.—John E. Lanne

You Oughta' Know— You Did It!

In the past several weeks my reporters and I have been hearing some very interesting comments about this column. Everyone has a right to her own opinion, true. But I want to get a thing or two straightened out with you readers before you go completely hog-wild!

Is this column curbing your liberties or is it making public your poor taste? If you consider being rude to a chapel speaker one of your personal rights, then you should be proud of having made public the fact that you are upholding the cause of liberty.

Also it was reported to me and I quote: "The Voice Column is nothing but McCarthyism" unquote. The term McCarthyism has come to mean in effect: Damaging the reputation of an innocent person by accusing him of something without adequate proof. If the reputation of anyone has been damaged by any false statement published in this column, that person need only state this fact to the editor or assistant editor of this paper and there will be a retraction printed in the next issue.

This column says in print what others who notice your breaches of etiquette say behind your back, but some people can't stand criticism, even when it's constructive. Sure, the eyes of "The Voice" are upon you, but so are the eyes of hundreds of people with whom you are associating now, and they will be replaced by equally critical eyes when you leave this campus.

Maybe this column is a mirror in which you see yourself as others see you—and don't like the picture. But isn't it better to find those areas in which you can improve while you're surrounded by others in the same boat, than to live on in bliss thinking that no one notices when you are out of step.

We, the Colonnade people, had hoped you, the readers, would enjoy this column. Since everyone can't be everywhere all the time, we thought this would be sort of an informer for those who would like to know—and would be a student helping student way of keeping little things from growing bigger. However, if you feel we are doing more harm than good—I am sticking my neck out as of now for you to cut off, if you wish.

—THE VOICE

I Am A Linotype Machine

I am a linotype machine and I feed on the verbal inspirations of men, as I stand in silent resignation—a never-moving monument to the reams of type that are often heard of but seldom seen. Bowed by the weight of centuries, I crumble in defiance and spit out jumbled type.

I sit cross-legged on the floor and laugh at the world of men, as they read the editorial which sputtered from my mouth, and realize that I have beaten THEM.

Thank You, Miss Meaders

"...And having writ, moves on..." while in remembrance lingers. "...This must be her immortality..."

Although it's nice to say "Hello" to an old and cherished friend, it's even greater to realize that she never left, and that she never will. The courage, enthusiasm and vital contagion of spirit that made Miss Meaders live in the heart of G. S. C. W. can never allow forgetfulness in departure.

Her deep concern for others, her vigorous endorsement of frankness, her positive opposition to all fence sitting, her everlastingness for good will always will be with us. And although in a sense of reality she is not here, mentally, spiritually, gratefully, and perhaps unconsciously she is here.

No more can be said; no more should be attempted. The spontaneity of a student body, rising together in unprecedented tribute to a never-to-be-forgotten, has said sufficiently.

Thank you, Miss Meaders.

TIES N TALES By Caroline Griffith

There comes a time in the life of every student when she must come to the aid of her grades, and that time has come! From this day forward, P. D. signs will grace numerous doors, and "QUIET" will be a by-word. Dead week is here, and that means that the campus is at a stand-still socially. It usually means, also, that students are dead too, but soon it will be over and such things as holly and pine-trees will hold your attention. So, as we draw our efforts from the extra-curricular and begin the ten day grind, remember, "This too will pass away", even if you don't, as much as you may wish you could.

And speaking of passing away, we nearly passed OUT when Janice Hillard came back after the holidays and quietly announced that she had gotten married. She's now Mrs. Edwards. And while we're on the subject of matrimony, Pat Kendrick is proudly displaying a ring from the "Hoss", and Mary Webb Bradberry is quite conscious of her left hand these days. "It might as well be spring".

(Fully confident the crew that attended the Tech - Georgia game will argue that last statement it was mighty nice sitting by the fire and watching T.V.)... and to prove that girls know their football, a girl reporter wrote the account of the Michigan State Normal - Hope College football game as follows:

"During the first quarter neither side scored, and there were some spectacular plays by M. S. N. C. gridders (I heard a fellow behind me say so.) Second quarter, Masy came into our section in her new cashmere coat, and it was noticeably cold. Also the team earned a penalty. That means they had to go backwards after they'd already gone forward. We girls didn't understand why, but that's okay, (old enough to have worn boots!) Two wonderful touchdowns were scored in the second half; (No. 64 from Hope was cute, and No. 32 was "hurt.")

Margie Screws paid us one of her fairly frequent visits this past week-end. She's obeying the signs that say "Join the Waves and let the world see YOU," and leaves for parts unknown in January.

Everyone who was in the vicinity of Bell Annex Wed. night MUST have heard the commotion on third floor. Nothing drastic, really; just Chick Landers giving a dancing exhibition!... and that was quite an exhibition that Alice Burton (better known as Burt) gave in Tumbling practice the other day. (She's in room 26 of Parks Memorial and would appreciate visitors.)... and while your over there, stop in to see Jean Repak, or rather, stand in the hall and shout at her. (She's contagious.)

Ran into Jackie Langford (literally) on second floor of B & C Sat. night. She did pause long enough to yell "I've met you before, Mrs. Hoover" to Nan's mother. One would think she was in a hurry.

Think that Della Ruth McKenzie has about the best idea yet for studying. She went into Gray Malcolm's room the other night (Wed. night before THE Physics exam.) and coyly extended her palm, in which sat a perfectly beautiful piece of cake. "Trade you this for an explanation." (Needless to add, Gray exchanged.)

RAY'S STEAK HOUSE
Sea Food — Chicken — Sandwiches
Dinners

SPORTS RACKET

Fighting Irish Edge Juniors - Win Crown

By Sue Osburn
The Seniors took their sixth consecutive victory in volleyball intramurals to become the undisputed champions of both class and dormitory play.

The Seniors assured themselves of the title with a 36-32 victory over the Juniors in the final game. The game proved to be very close, and the fighting Irish had to put up quite a battle to finally edge a very determined Junior team by a mere four points. Both teams were cheered on from the sidelines by their sister classes, whose enthusiasm was rewarded with one of the most beautifully played games seen this year.

In the second round of play the Sophomores, with a last half scoring spree, had little trouble overcoming the Freshmen 39-29. This Sophomore victory eliminated the Freshmen, who had been defeated earlier by the Seniors, from the tournament.

In the semi-finals the Juniors ran up an early lead and went on to take a 25-23 victory from the Sophomores.

In chapel Miriam Field, president of Rec., presented Gay Pettit, captain of the Senior team, with the volleyball championship trophy.

Losers Lend Life To Lost And Found FOUND

1 extra-long string of pearls.
1 short string of small pearls.
1 double string of pearls.
1 gold charm bracelet.

1 O.B.X. pen with the initials "H.B. '51" on the back, and two G.S.C.W. students Council medals. (These three items were found in a small box.)

1 gold heart-shaped charm with a smaller heart and key on the inside. (For necklace).
1 large silver barrette.
1 bronze-colored, plastic rimmed glasses.

1 light green-grey, plastic rimmed glasses.
1 yellow fountain pen.
1 white clip pencil, inscribed, "Junior - Senior Banquet, 1950."
1 blue pencil, inscribed, "Ger-ry."

1 small navy blue pocket book.
1 small black notebook, with notes.
1 College Theater Season Ticket, Number 448.
1 large can Johnson's Baby Powder.

1 light blue cardigan sweater.
1 cocoa-brown, nylon Cardigan sweater.

1 blue gabardine skirt.
1 blue-bordered head scarf with ski figures on it.

1 blue head scarf with football figures on it.

1 green Shafer fountain pen by Jan Anderson, Bell Hall.

The Lost and Found Department is located in Dean Maxwell's office. All found articles should be taken there and lost articles can be called for there.

Got word the other day that Billie Jean Hiers, class '51, has completed her work on her MA in Math at Duke. And then there are those of us who spent the same length of time on Math 100!

Georgia Athletic Federation of College Women to Hold Rec. Sponsored Conference on G. S. C. W. Campus, Jan. 9

Staff Entertains At P. E. Club Tea

An informal tea for the Physical Education Club was given by the Staff on December 3, in the Rec. Lounge from 4 to 5. Coffee and cookies were the main topics of conversation and interest at first, and then the group sang Christmas carols, accompanied by an impromptu rhythm section; mostly in sections and with little rhythm.

Miriam Field conducted a song in real Max Noah style, and the Seniors sang some of their "special" songs. The party broke up with more carols by the group, and a little harmony by Miss Smith and Olga Fallen.

I Gotta Write a Paper

By Layde Pettis
I gotta write a paper. It was supposed to be in last Tuesday, but things happened, so here it is Saturday, and here I am on the bed, trying to get it done.

I can't get comfortable. The laundry starved my blue jeans, and they scratch—but this isn't getting any writing done. Off with the jeans. Three lines, written in INK diluted with sweat — I'm hungry.

Two wrangled oranges and four old crackers. A bunch of grapes from a by-gone era, and the peanuts from last Sunday's lunch. Hungry as I am, I can't eat that. Let's see what Sue has to offer in the way of food. With this ham and biscuit sandwich and a coke I may last a couple of hours.

I really ought to do some research on this. Blue jeans on, and rolled up — coat on. I look decent. Over to the library I trot. It's Saturday. The library is always closed on Saturday night. Back to my room. Off with the jeans, and onto the bed.

Gee, that blank paper looks bad! I wish I had a cigarette. Where are my cigarettes? Down in Sue's room. Oh, well, a few minutes won't hurt. Is that the Hit Parade? I gotta see this!

The cigarette helps. Hey! It's getting late! I've got lots to do besides this. Let's see—I need to read my Social Science, and write to Mama — I'm low on funds again — and I've got to do something for a feature in the Colonnade.

I gotta write a paper. It was supposed to be in Tuesday—

Sometimes with secret pride I sigh
To think, how tolerant am I;
Then wonder which is really mine:
Tolerance, or a rubber spine?

Most people have two views of a secret: either it's not worth keeping, or it's too good to keep.
Ogden Nash

The annual conference of the Georgia Athletic Federation of College Women will be held on the G.S.C.W. campus, January 9th, 10th, and 11th. Eleven colleges will send their representatives to this conference to discuss and plan for their Recreation Associations. The presidents from each school will give a three minute talk on the Recreation Association in their school. The theme for this year will be "Where Do We Go From Here?" The aim of this conference is to discuss ways in which the different types of recreation found on college campuses can offer a carry-over value in later community life.

On January 9th, in the Rec. Lounge, some seventy girls are expected to register. After registration and supper, the conference will hold its first meeting in the Alumnae Guest House Rec. Hall. After this meeting, the girls will go over to the big gym for a play night and entertainment by the Modern Dance and Tumbling Clubs.

For Saturday supper, the delegates will journey out to Lake Laurel and remain until around ten-thirty that night. After Sunday breakfast, the conference will come to an end.

This is the first time since 1948 that the G.A.F.C.W. Conference has been held on our campus.

The committee chairmen for this conference as announced by Miriam Field, President of Rec are as follows:

Name Tags — Tubby Atwood; Programs — Corinne Glover; Newsletters — Olga Fallen, Caroline Griffith; Housing for the girls — Pat Collins, Caroline Griffith, Mary V. Blackman, Gay Pettit, Joan Mendel, Sonya Reddick, Alice Burton; Supper at Lake Laurel — Wynelle Oglesby; Registration — Sunny Jackson, Betty Herring, Sonya Reddick, Alice Burton, Mary Nell Smith, Jane Adams; After-dinner coffee — Olga Fallen, Caroline Griffith, Corinne Glover; Mixer — Gay Pettit.

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MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA

Alumnae Reminisce At Play Night Reunion

Golden Slipper Play Night had the flavor of a family reunion. Students and alumnae met in the gym with glad cries and many questions about the happenings of the year of separation.

When things quieted down, the Seniors and alumnae played their annual volleyball game. The Fighting Irish romped over the Old Grads to the tune of 41-19. After the game everyone assembled in the Little Gym and sang the Slipper songs that have lasted through the years and have gradually become a part of G.S.C.W. "Do you remember—" flew back and forth, and many a laugh was enjoyed over the fun and foibles of other years and other Golden Shoe contests.

Christmas Vespers To Be Held Dec. 10

There will be an informal Christmas vespers service at the Methodist Church, Wednesday, December 10, from 6 to 8:30. Christmas carols, a special choir, and the reading of a Christmas story will be included in the program, and students are urged to attend.

Edward Harding To Speak at Chapel

Edmund Harding, humorist, will make his third appearance in as many years at G.S.C.W. on December 12. Mr. Harding, the brother of Milledgeville's Rev. F. H. Harding, will also be the speaker for the Rotary's Ladies Night Christmas program.

This creature fills its mouth with venom
And walks upon its duodenum.
He who attempts to tease the cobra
Is soon a sadder he, and sorer.
Ogden Nash

Davison's
... of Macon

All Christmas
Gifts Engraved
Free

One-Day Service
Stamping On
Leather Goods

or
Jewelry

J. C. Grant Co.
Jewelers
Veterans Club Bldg.

FEATURE

Manchester Beginning Fifteenth Year As Head of Physical Education Dept.

"Variety is the spice of life" and what would the life of a Physical Education major be without having tasted the numerous sojourns served by Dr. Gertrude Manchester in her classes?

Classes can be a monotonous routine, but never Dr. Manchester's classes. If you arrive with that I-didn't-get-any-sleep - last - night look on your face, have no fear, for you soon find yourself fully awake in the midst of a rousing chorus of "Dixie" or else that look is being photographed for posterity.



GERTRUDE MANCHESTER

Y's Owl

The Y will be ready to buy books on the 17th, 18th and 19th of Dec., Nancy Kobs, Chairman of the Bookstore announced last week. There will be representatives in each dormitory to buy books and each person will be given a receipt and this receipt can be redeemed at the Y apartment during the posted office hours.

The Freshman Commission is as follows: Terrell Proper; Mary Ann Reddick, Carolyn Clorts, Catherine Spiers, Gloria Frwin, and Charlotte Strain, Terrell A; Lee Strozzer, Prudence Singhorn, Beverly Brannon, Virginia Garrard, and Gayle Christinson. This commission is chosen by Executive Cabinet on the basis of interest in Y, with the idea that they act as leaders in Y activities in both their class and the dormitories. Gloria Erwin is Chairman and she will represent the Freshman Class on Y Cabinet.

An answer to any question or problem that comes up, be it personal or campus-wide, can probably be found in the tons of records that are somehow kept in her outer office. And the lockers of equipment, filled with skates, softball bats and gloves, etc., are always kept in tip-top shape under the supervision of Dr. Man.

One of the most striking characteristics of Dr. Man's physical appearance is her excellent posture, "birding" or otherwise. Any bird, looking at her through the other end of the binoculars would certainly "straighten up and fly right." She does a lot of "birding" while walking around Lake Laurel, and reprimands the "lazy generation" for not walking with her.

It seems a shame that students other than Physical Education majors miss the experience of courses under Dr. Man. In the course of elementary school games she becomes one of the children playing "Brownies and Fairies" with the Junior majors. She's one of the gang at the Senior Recreational Leadership parties, and plays a toy horn as well as Harry James played the trumpet. At the Senior Banquet her inevitable pre-entitled "My Seniors", a highlight of the occasion because of its uproarious humor, is always somewhat feared by the Seniors, who never know which of their characteristics will be the subject of her take off.

From this write-up, you can see that Dr. Manchester is nationally known and nationally recognized. But even more important, she is known and loved on the GSCW campus. Her belief in a self-made education and a self-made philosophy, instill in students an unconscious determination to achieve—an unconscious search for potentialities.

Seniors, Underclassmen Hold Dances Celebrating Christmas In Advance

The Yuletide Spirit settled over Sanford Hall Saturday night as the strains of "White Christmas" heralded the annual Senior Christmas dance. Once again the gaily bedecked ball room glowed with the colorful light of the huge tree.

The music was furnished by Smilin' Ben Shorer of Macon, whose antics added much to the entertainment. Jean Starr sang "All the Things You Are" and "White Christmas," followed by her own particular rendition of "I'll Walk Alone." Peggy Watson brought days of long ago to life with her animated version of "When Grandma Was A Girl."

After the dance the Seniors attended a twelve o'clock breakfast in the college cafeteria.

Many thanks go to Emmie Lane, general chairman, and to her committee for the successful planning of the occasion.

Bell, Terrell and Beeson held their Christmas dance Saturday night in the college gymnasium.

The decorations carried out the Christmas theme with pine, mistletoe and cedar barked at the doors and covering the walls; the big fireplace with the stockings; huge red candles; the Santa scene on the wall; and the basketball goals covered with red, one holding a giant toy panda. The focal point was the beautiful Christmas tree in the center of the floor.

Entertainment was furnished by four girls equipped with ukuleles who sang "Silent Night," "Jingle Bells," "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," "Blue Christmas," and "White Christmas," and Mrs. Goldstein gave impersonations of "Jealousy," "Try," and "A Good Man's Hard to Find."

The punch tables in the little gym were decorated with red, green and white, and there were pine trees frosted with snow against the walls.

Fact And Fable

I serve a purpose in this school On which no man can frown—I quietly sit in every class And keep the average down.

Some people remain ignorant because they profess to know everything.

The gal with very little to do is always behind in her work.

Machines are so nearly human that they do things without using any intelligence.

Among all the lotions with which we are familiar, nothing contributes more to success than a liberal application of elbow grease.

He who embraces two religions may only be double-crossing himself.

Curious fly, Vinegar jug, Slippery edge, Pickled bug.

I eat my peas with honey. I've done it all my life. I know that it sounds funny, But it keeps 'em on the knife.

The song of canaries never varies, And when they are moulting they're pretty revolting.

Ogden Nash We have been sitting around this college for four years and we have finally decided that an education is a process of deadening one end in order to live up the other.

A friend is a person who knocks before he enters, not after he leaves.

Madrigals To Sing For City Music Club

The Madrigal Singers will give their first performance of the year December 13, at which time they will sing for the Milledgeville Music Club. The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. John W. Hughston. The program will be composed of Christmas carols of many countries.

On Sunday, December 14, they will sing for the morning service at the Presbyterian Church.

The Madrigal Singers have increased their membership this year to eighteen. The singers are: Charlotte Ware, Woodbury; June Clark, Stapleton; Jeanne Brannon, Lawrenceville; Janice Culpepper, Rome; Marlene Dryden, Bremen; Mable Fernandez, Marietta; Anne Hall, Holly Springs; Charlotte Harvey, Monticello; Nancy Herring, Cairo; Florence May, Sandersville; Gwen Slaughter, Cartersville; Katherine Stancell, Atlanta; Martha Stivers, Rome; Aurelia Summerlin, Sandersville; Peggy Sue Truitt, Bremen; Marian Whalley, Shellman; Christine Troxell, Americus; and Martha Shaw, Austell.

I think that I shall never see A billboard lovely as a tree. Indeed, unless the billboards fall I'll never see a tree at all. Ogden Nash

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO
TECHNICOLOR
ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY
GREGORY SUSAN AYA
PECK • HAYWARD • GARDNER
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Directed by HENRY KING Screen Play by CASEY ROBINSON

CAMPUS THEATRE

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

There was once a gal with class,
(Oh, a devastating lass!),
And she landed here at good ol' G.S.C.
She got letters by the bales,
From a hundred different males,
And was spoken of in awe at G. M. C.

So some girls who felt the lack
Of this other lessles knack,
Sought to solve the secret of her sure success.
They found her one and only rule,
Whether in or out of school,
Was never to let soil assail her dress.

On her first day here in town,
She had taken her best gown
Down to DEMPSTERS—and she found they met
the test.

So, if your clothes look drab and glum,
Join the other smart girls chum,
And you'll find that DEMPSTER'S always does
'em best.

DEMPSTERS
"Personalized Service"

Dry Cleaning — Alterations — Laundry

Behind The Scenes

By Erin Turner

By Nan Hoover

Small groups huddled in a corner, whispered conferences, closed doors with an underlined "F.D." sign — the cause of this secretive air — Golden Slipper! Plans, work, and play went into the making of a magnificent final product, leaving a host of hilarious happenings—and not so humorous mishaps.

Over in the Sophomore workshops hammers rang lustily as flawless (according to Jane Adams) flats took shape. Just as the last perfect point job was completed and proud painters stepped back admiring their work, Pat Mitchell suddenly went mad. Grabbing a bucket and brush, she gaily splattered spots of brown paint on every flat. A universal sigh of relief greeted her calm explanation that the spots prevented glare and could not be seen from the audience. For several trying (to say the least) hours Pat Collins labored to perfect a window only to have her work of art completely covered with drapes! And it is no small wonder that Smitty was a bit disgusted. After chasing all over town to find just the right door knob to complete the door flat (and it didn't ever squeak—well not very loud, anyway) the door was almost hidden by the stage curtain.

Defying all principles of posture the Irish and Royalty screwed up in strange shapes and racked rusty brains in valiant efforts to produce songs. For obvious reasons several supposedly brilliant entrance songs were given the "thumbs down". Sallie constantly pleaded "Songs—songs—let's write a song" and guess who forever contributed "Now, y'all, how does this sound."

Newspaper — strips and strips of it — went into the making of that delightful — to work — with paper mache or the display. Plaster of Paris, roofing tin, cooping, petting (and fussing) that little motor, and still that darn (pretty mild, huh) river wouldn't flow as rivers should. Oh, well no rain lately — water level is low. "Where's Johnnie? Shelacking that fiddle, of course." For two weeks Johnnie spent every waking minute sticking, pasting, or shelacking that instrument. — Shelacking, Shelacking — still Shelacking.

That house in the Destruction Scene was really in the proper place. Seems that the roof fell in three times, and it almost disintegrated while moving across the stage.—Brannon nearly caught pneumonia since she completely soaked herself to look a real wreck in the same scene.—Reports have it that the bridge was a bit damp.—It could be because the paint job was completed one half an hour before the Entrance.

"I found one, I found one!" No, not a raving maniac, just Jackie, exuberant over locating a four poster bed for the play. She scoured the town only to have a table disappear minutes before the play. Three minutes before said event "Sis" did an Olympic dash to Terrell to secure a coke to fill the medicine bottle. In the confusion something went wrong. On the stage — no medicine in the bottle.

There are numerous other incidents. Each "Jessie" can relate many of her own experiences — borrowing clothes, sitting up to the wee hours — or all night coloring people, accomplishing tasks she never knew she was capable of doing, acts of true sportsmanship. New friendships — lasting friend-

If anyone should ask me when I actually felt "at home at G.S.C.W.", I would thing back to the last week of Golden Slipper. Maybe it was the afternoon we were all working frantically down in Terrell Basement, trying to make the easel turn without the portrait falling off, coloring programs, trying to find the THE word for THAT line in the sportsmanship song.

I'll never forget the window seat (if there isn't another thing on that stage . . . were going to have that window seat!), Caroline saying, "Now Stella . . . Stella . . . I didn't mean it . . . if you say it can be done . . .", and poor Burt and Jo after the horrible discovery that the biggest flat would not go through the door. So, dauntless Frost built it over again . . . in two sections.

While the display committee held its breath and hoped the world would hold together, Sue was whittling on a set of false teeth, and Mary Margaret undertook the tedious task of painting it— And oh, that golden slipper . . . that poor, pitiful, cracked golden slipper.

"But what would my mother say?" "PURPLE? You've gone mad, Prudie!" "Now wait a minute, Angie; where are you going with my sheets?" and the explanation, shouted on the run . . . "THE WORLD!" . . . On yes, that world . . . pieced lumber, "Borrowed" bamboo, the ingenuity of the flats committee, Phyllis saying "It can be done", Gray saying "It's gotta be done!"

We Frosh didn't know what "The Slipper Spirit" was — but we had it—and "that has made all the difference." Yes, THE spirit . . . from the decorations in Terrell A to the enthusiastic letters home; from the gatherings in the S.U., to the huddled, secretive groups at midnight and on into dawn. We learned to hammer and nail and saw . . . to paint and paste. We wrote and wrote and saved and shelacked and sculptured and laughed. We argued and read and combined and dissimilated . . . and through it all, the Juniors . . . "It's good" . . . "Don't you think" . . . and "Fine!" Behind the scenes they were puffing and blowing right along with us, trying to finish everything by the fateful hour.

Sunny's perpetual "Enunciate" . . . Lee's "Now y'all, we're going to try the entrance ONE MORE TIME!" Betty saying, "Now if everyone will be quiet . . ." Working on Comedy and Tragedy (the masks) with Florrie, proved very enervating; we had cokes and a bag of candy handy. We were doing just fine until I dropped a piece of scotch-tape and pulled off half of one of Tragedy's eyebrows.

The song committee spent hours listening to "Faust", "Carmen", "La Traveata". The theme, entrance, and costume people could be found in the library at any hour. Ann and Peggy finally combined the "plays with the things" . . . and from the bedlam emerged the beautiful.

I think I trembled more marching down the aisle than I did the night of high-school graduation. And after all the love, patience, work, and pride had been displayed, we understood "that which cannot be explained."

There are numerous other incidents. Each "Jessie" can relate many of her own experiences — borrowing clothes, sitting up to the wee hours — or all night coloring people, accomplishing tasks she never knew she was capable of doing, acts of true sportsmanship. New friendships — lasting friend-

ships were made. A bit of the gold rubs off on all who work in the true spirit of the Shoe — never tarnishing but shining brightly for a lifetime.

BUTTS DRUG COMPANY

—THE PRESCRIPTION SHOP—

DIAL 222

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

Graduates Convene For Golden Slipper

Golden Slipper this year held interest for more than the two competing classes. A large delegation of alumnae was present to reminisce past experiences and to cheer for their colors. Although not all the guests registered, 150 made their mark in the Alumnae Register. The Red and Black of '52 was the largest group, with sixty present; while the royal class of '51 was second with fifteen.

The Rain did not dampen spirits, though the crepe paper did look a bit soggy as the annual parade got underway Friday. About forty cars participated, with the purple and green streamers edging the red, black, and white slightly. Enthusiasm and high hopes were voiced by the scream of the siren and the yell of pep songs.

For many of the graduates who sat in the balcony and watched the Golden Slipper Contest it was the first time that they themselves had not been dressed in outlandish costumes and singing long-practiced songs. The party in the gym following Golden Slipper was a reacquaintance session for past grads and students. Later many alumnae attended parties in Terrell and Sanford Red Halls.

On Saturday morning the Alumnae met the faculty for coffee in the Guest House Rec. Hall. The Annual Dutch Luncheon in the college cafeteria was held for them Saturday noon, after which the Home Economics Department entertained them with an open house.

After the volleyball game Saturday night everyone joined in the singing of Golden Slipper songs from past years. The Alumnae Association has started a collection of Golden Slipper songs dating back to ten years ago. They hope to have this completed by next November.

Campus Briefs

The Chemistry Club heard an address Wednesday by Homer F. Bell, associate of the Philadelphia Quartz Co., Atlanta. Mr. Bell is active in both the American Chemical Society and the Georgia Academy of Science. His interesting and informative talk was on silicates and industrial detergents.

Phi Upsilon Omicron, the home economics honor society, has taken in five new members. Chosen on the basis of high scholastic average, leadership, and professional interest, the new members are: Pat Sutton, Margaret Kinbrough, Jane Grogan, Jeannine English, and Pauline Allen.

There was a meeting of all College Theater people in the Little Theater Thursday. Plans for reorganization were discussed and the new point system for Alpha Psi Omega, the honorary dramatic society, was explained.

As the deadline for the printing of the college yearbook approaches, activity in the Spectrum office becomes more and more hectic. All pictures must be in by Feb. 1, and copy must be approved before Feb. 6.

'To You the Sophs' Ends Contest; Slipper Goes to Class of '55

Two weeks of fun and work one night of madness, and the realization that it's the spirit of the thing—that's Golden Slipper from an outsider's point of view. Here it is from the inside.

You Oughta Know You Do It, Faculty

As I sit here, precariously perched atop the back of a straight chair, I wonder who will be the fairest pairson to read this article, which I've written purely for the joy of writing. I also wonder what happens to the Gulf Stream when it goes North. Maybe it just gets to the North Pole and congeals.

Now we must be social, so I'll ask your opinion of the fabulous editorial in the—but then you do not read the newspapers. Possibly, though, possibly you do read life? Probably so. But that's an unfair question, isn't it? You bet! So let your colleague answer it. You do read signs, don't you? Signs such as "Beware of the bull; he's never safe." Now the point is: don't wear red polka dots sewd in with a red hot needle and a burning thread when we have a grand roundup, or you'll be extinguished.

Well, I hear that our guest speaker has arrived; so I guess I'd better tip back in my chair, twirl my glasses, and listen to the story of the cat that went pitti-pat down the stairs.

Christmas Has Come To College Campus

By Angie Amis

Now that Thanksgiving holidays are over, and we're back at the grind again, we begin to realize that the spirit of Christmas is in the air once more.

Signs of this holiday season are evident all about us. As we walk down the streets of town, we notice the bright Christmas decorations — In the chilly night air, we stop to window shop—choosing gifts for our families and friends.

On campus we hear familiar Christmas songs and carols — From behind a door, adorned with decorations of red and green, we hear the melodious strains of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" and "Rudolph the Red nosed Reindeer."

With a peep in practically every closet, we see gayly wrapped packages stored in the farthest corner, and on the desk lies a Christmas list that a fellow student hasn't quite finished.

Even in all the gaiety, the true meaning of Christmas can never be forgotten. As greetings and gifts are exchanged, and we listen to "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "The New Born King", may we remember why Christmas is really celebrated and as we travel homeward for the Christmas holidays we have one wish in our hearts — a very Merry Christmas for all, and Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

Should an initiate make an appearance on the scene—and that is not an unlikely event — beldam would greet him. From the crepe paper - decked cars which announce to the world in general and Milledgeville in particular that Golden Slipper and the accompanying malades are at hand, to the long delayed moment when the shoe is presented to it's captors, not one instant of serenity and peace exists on campus.

But that's only part of the story. Behind the Sophomore's victory lies a tale that is well calculated to keep you in hysteria, and likewise the story of the Freshmen. That one class won is less important in the final analysis than that sister classes were up nights working and singing together, writing songs and plays, working on posters, displays, and costumes. Perhaps that wasn't even what they worked on, but the fact that they did it together makes the Slipper an important event.

It all started formally on Monday, November 9 at the pep meetings. Soon, workshops were set up and wild calls were heard for crepe paper, silver point, and "Who was Marcus Aurelius?" The library was buzzing, the dormitories were buzzing, and heads were buzzing with them. Once in a while, a great light dawned, and another costume was created.

Pep songs rang in the halls, on the campus, outside the dining hall, everywhere. The rule of the day was "Wherever two fellow-classmen are together, there shall a pep song be sung." This rule was followed to the letter.

The plays were adapted from James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat," with the Sophomores presenting "Weigh but the Crime," and the Frosh showing "A Touch of Cerulian."

Then, the night itself. The Freshmen "played bare the drama of each living soul" with their "All the World's a Stage," and the Sophomores ushered in a new trend in entrances as "River Rhapsody" was vividly portrayed through tableaux.

The points ran as follows:

	Sophomores	Freshmen
Posters	14	12
Displays	12	14
Play	120	105
Programs	14	14
Costumes	43	39
Songs	25	26
Entrance	30	21
Totals	257	231

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The House of Many Lamps

When the last rays of the setting sun have faded, and the mountains have flung their shadows down into the valley, the lamps are lighted in a quaint little village in southern Europe. There is darkness only in the grey stone church that stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the hamlet.

The story is told about "The House of Many Lamps," as the little church was called. It was built in the sixteenth century, by an aged Duke who had ten beautiful daughters, whom he adored to the point of worship. When they were small,

Because of their love for their father, each year the daughters would return and gather to celebrate his birthday anniversary. The circle had never been broken until one year, when one of the daughters, who had married a prince in a far country, remained at home because of the long journey. Knowing how much her father was devoted to this family gathering, she sent a band of musicians from her court to play for him. But the Duke would not be comforted. The music of the musicians was to him like sounding brass. Nothing could take the place of the daughter's sweet voice.

The unfaithfulness of the daughter preyed heavily upon the Duke. He pondered long upon a plan to impress the world with a spirit of love and loyalty. One day he summoned his builders, and told them he would build a church—a church so beautiful that those who came to worship would be impelled to kneel the moment they entered for its loveliness would draw them instantly to God. He completed the plans, and then watched the builders with delight.

"But, father," exclaimed the daughter who had absented herself from the feast, "where are the lamps for the church?"

"My daughter," replied the Duke, "I perceive you do not understand. There will be no hanging lamps. Each one who enters will carry his own. I have provided bronze hand lamps for everyone in the village."

"But, father—I do not understand," exclaimed the daughter, "Is this not queer?"

"Nay, daughter," replied the Duke, "it is not queer. When my daughter is not around my festive board in the cycle of the year, there is a dark and lonely place. So in the House of God, there will be a dark and lonely place if all of His sons and daughters do not come to worship Him at the appointed hours."

Four hundred years have elapsed since the church was built. The words of the Duke carved over the doorway, have been a miracle of loyalty to all generation that have passed. The bronze lamps have been handed down from father to son, carefully treasured. And when the sweet-toned bells of the church ring, the village people wind their way up the hill, each carrying his lamp. The church is always filled, for no one wishes his place to be dark and lonely.

MODERN POET

Continued from page one

fort and friendliness are forces which can be met only by the stoic. Auden remarked that the criticism of stoicism such as Frost's is that its only sacrament is suicide.

One of the reasons for Eliot's great success, according to Auden, is that through his works the voice speaks to its listener on such intimate terms, as if the reader and Eliot were conversing alone together late at night. Here the poet is pictured as being in a rented room outside of which there is no garden but only a desert that has only a hope of an oasis. Nature, in Eliot's works, is neither a friend, as it was to the Romantics, nor a test, as it was to Frost; it is a theater in which man works out his destiny. He speaks of the man who is quite sensitive, but cannot act: Prufrock; and he speaks of the brute who acts, but who has no semblance of sensitivity: Sweeney.

Auden used selections from Lawrence's works, among them being "The Tortoise," to illustrate his conception of the voice here being the poet sitting under a tree writing a letter—a letter so conceived that the reader will never be quite sure what he is

reading. Auden drew a parallel between Whitman and Lawrence in their praise of natural flesh and natural order, and from this branched into a discussion of the preoccupation of modern poetry with marriage and family relations rather than with love in the conventional sense. He then discussed what these four modern poets have in common: the absence of a bardic note in their poetry, and the fact that they are speaking to a small circle of friends and not to a class, a nation, or the like.

By means of a brief discussion of Eliot's play *Murder in the Cathedral*, Auden made a transition into the subject of the martyr being one of the modern heroes. He brought in the example of the Unknown Soldier who gained his martyrdom through loss of those qualities which made him an individual, and posed the question of whether one who takes pride in despising himself could be considered a martyr. He defined the martyr as one who obeys his own conscience and becomes a martyr because he denies the importance of something which is considered important by society and is therefore destroyed by the social order.

Approximately at this point Mr. Auden noticed by his watch that his hour was up, skipped three pages, and quit.

THEY SATISFY *AND HOW!*



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Elizabeth Lydon DUKE '51

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